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## Notes of the Week

## Progress on All Sides

GERMAN reports become more and more ostrich-like. Russia has inflicted heavy reverses on Marshal von Hindenberg at Przasnysz and Grodno and on the Austrians in the Carpathians; but Austro-German losses are minimised by the authorities who three weeks ago were making a mighty demonstration over the crushing blows which Russia had sustained. The same with the Dardanelles. Turkish forts have been blown to atoms; French and British ships are at the very entrance of the Narrows; and so much has been accomplished at very small cost. Yet Turkey and Germany assure the world that six thousand shells were fired by the allied fleet without material effect, and suggest that the whole thing is bluff. The *Queen Elizabeth* firing across the peninsula at the forts on the Asiatic side of the Narrows is the sort of bluff which at least the defenders would not appreciate. Effective work has also been done by the East Indies Squadron against Smyrna. In the Persian Gulf, where our losses were considerably heavier than was at first reported, the punishment meted out to the enemy has been many times greater. On the Western front, France has made further important progress, especially in the Champagne, but we do not gather that from the German accounts.

## Hesitating Neutrals

The best proof of the progress of the Allies up the Dardanelles is afforded by the flutter among the smaller Powers, who are eagerly debating whether the time has not arrived when they should cut in. Italy, Rumania, Bulgaria, Greece—all are more or less perturbed lest they should delay too long. In Greece there has been a constitutional crisis, due, it is understood, to a conflict of opinion between the King, who is anxious to keep out for the present, and M. Venezelos, who was equally anxious to take action at once. Greece itself is believed to be quite ready to participate. Bulgaria

again would not wish to see Constantinople captured without having fired a gun to hasten the departure of the Turk. The Italian interventionists grow more insistent, but the scruples of the Italian Government are easy to understand, and the only thing certain is that Count von Bulow's mission to Rome has not assured the indefinite neutrality of Italy. Rumania's way would be cleared of serious obstacles by the fall of Constantinople. The sympathies of all four with the Allies will be quickened in precise proportion to the success of the Allies in the Dardanelles.

## What the Pirates Have Accomplished

The pirates had quite a big day on Tuesday; three British merchant vessels were sunk—one on the East Coast, one on the West, and one on the South. No warning was given, and in one case unhappily it is to be feared there is only a solitary survivor out of a crew of 38. There should be a new pæan of triumph in Germany over this masterly crime. Hitherto the submarine "blockade" has hopelessly miscarried. In six weeks, out of some eight or nine thousand arrivals and sailings the submarine had accounted for fifteen vessels. Meantime, how many submarines have been lost in the great effort? Two have been disposed in a week—the U 8 and the U 20. The latter was rammed by a destroyer; the former was rounded up by a destroyer flotilla. In both cases the crews were saved, but no false sentiment is to be wasted over them. The Admiralty frankly recognises them as pirates. No doubt there is great difficulty in bringing home to them responsibility for particular crimes, but the boastful German seems to be eager to help the British authorities in that respect by enlarging on the U 8's achievements. A few more details would assist in establishing their guilt in sending non-combatant crews and passengers to the bottom. The U 8 prisoners will not be accorded any distinction of rank, nor allowed to mingle with other prisoners of war.

## Racing As Usual?

Should the business of racing go on "as usual" in war time? If football is to be permitted, why not horse-racing? Lord Rosebery and others see no objection to it, and they are certainly not to be charged with lack of concern for recruiting. A good deal of capital and employment will undoubtedly be sacrificed if racing ceases, but that, after all, is not a peculiar penalty. The question is, what is in the national interest? In the South African War Lord Roberts thought fit to heliograph to the troops the result of a race. But the Lady Roberts says that in this present crisis he was entirely opposed to such distractions; the gravity of the peril and the magnitude of the sacrifice demanded weighed with him, and it may indeed well be urged that exceptional circumstances demand exceptional measures. Carried to its logical conclusion, that would mean no man should play a game of golf or a game of bridge—though how that would serve the country we fail to see. Would the Derby or Ascot rob the Army of a single recruit? We cannot be sure. We think the most serious point is that raised by Colonel

Sir Henry Knollys. The social gaiety of Ascot is undesirable on every ground. Men and women "peacocking in their plumes and prattling their puerilities" are *not* good recruiting agents.

#### Warriors and Poetry

The President of Magdalen, Sir Herbert Warren, K.C.V.O., in the first of two lectures at the Royal Institution on "Poetry and War," showed how completely our thoughts have turned from the pleasant rhymes of peace to the interest of sterner themes. Many of the finest poets of olden time were fighters—their battle-songs were not written for them by poets who stayed at home, whose only inspiration was the news. Sir Herbert Warren mentioned Sophocles and Horace as examples of this, and Virgil as one who had suffered by the struggle that made the Roman Empire; he might have added the name of Marcus Aurelius, whose work, philosophic-poetic, was partly composed in the pauses of battle, in camp or field. It is probable that we shall not see the real effects of this war on matters literary for some years; the fugitive verse and the topical books now appearing are but the light foam blown from an approaching wave. The Renaissance was slow, but sure, in its magnificent curving sweep across Europe; it may be that the conflict of the nations will clear the way for another such calm, irresistible revolution of thought. "Passion," said the lecturer, "is the chief secret of all poetry"; but if the flood of passion be not steadied and directed wisely, it spreads and weakens, and produces no great, permanent results.

## The Triumph of the Big Gun

BY SIDNEY GRAVES KOON, M.M.E.

[The work of the "Queen Elizabeth" and her monster guns against the Dardanelles forts lends point to the following article, written by an American expert, which we are glad to have secured for THE ACADEMY.]

JUST as Admiral Von Spee's squadron outgunned the British off the Chilean coast—and defeated them; just as Admiral Sturdee outgunned the German squadron off the Falkland Islands—and defeated them; so Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers on January 24 outgunned the German raiding battle cruisers—and defeated them. It was 40 big guns against 40. But the British were all 12-inch and 13½-inch; while only eight of the German guns reached 12-inch, and twelve were only 8½-inch. The British broadside of 44,800 pounds was 66 per cent. greater than the German broadside of 27,040 pounds; and it was greatly more effective at the long range at which the battle was fought—a range probably beyond any results from the *Blücher's* 8½-inch guns.

Leaving aside all small cruisers as simply befogging the issue; ignoring all torpedo boats and destroyers, for the same reason; the running battle was fought out between five British battle cruisers, on the one hand, and four German ships on the other—three battle

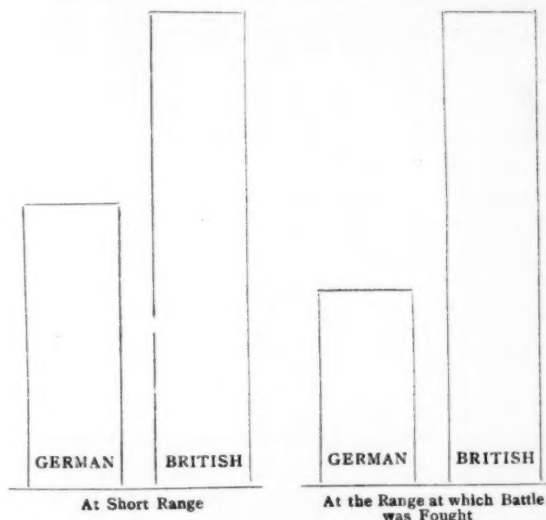
cruisers and the ill-fated armoured cruiser *Blücher*. The ships compared as follows:—

	Tons	Speed	Big Guns	Shell Weight, Pounds	Broad-side, Pounds
<i>Tiger</i> .....	28,500	30	8-13½ in.	1,400	11,200
<i>Princess Royal</i> ...	26,350	31.7	8-13½ in.	1,250	10,000
<i>Lion</i> † .....	26,350	31.5	8-13½ in.	1,250	10,000
<i>New Zealand</i> .....	18,750	27	8-12 in.	850	6,800
<i>Indomitable</i> .....	17,250	28	8-12 in.	850	6,800
	117,200	27	40	Av. 1,120	44,800
<i>Derfflinger</i> † .....	28,000	29	8-12.2 in.	980	7,840
<i>Seydlitz</i> † .....	25,000	29	10-11 in.	760	8,360
<i>Moltke</i> .....	22,640	28.4	10-11 in.	760	8,360
<i>Blücher</i> * .....	14,760	24.5	12-8.2 in.	310	2,480
	90,400	24.5	40	Av. 676	27,040

\*Sunk †Disabled.  
British advantage %

29½ 10 — 66 66

The overwhelming superiority of the British broadside fire would be much increased at the very long range of ten miles at which the action opened—for it must be remembered that only a very heavy projectile can be thrown to such a great distance. (This may sound like a paradox; it must be understood that the



RELATIVE GUN-POWER OF THE TWO FLEETS.

resistance of the atmosphere overcomes the momentum of a smaller shell long before such a distance is reached.) Certainly the *Blücher's* guns were not equal to the task, nor could the 11-inch guns on the *Moltke* and *Seydlitz* have done much damage. Admiral Beatty reports that his gunners *hit* the enemy at 17,000 yards (9 2-3 miles)—something which was *never before done since history began*.

But this battle, from the very circumstances under which it was fought, was different in many ways from anything which ever happened before, and no direct comparison of the broadside fires is a true guide. In the first place, no previous naval battle was ever fought over a running distance of 100 miles. In the second place, none was ever fought at a speed of nearly 30 knots, although some of the smaller vessels, in other engagements since August, may have shown that speed. It was essentially a rear-guard action, in which the rear guard was deliberately sacrificed, like the Spartans at Thermopylae, for the safety of the rest. And it was,

in a sense, a piecemeal action—for the *New Zealand* and the *Indomitable* never got really into it, except to put the finishing touches on the battered and disabled *Blücher*.

First the *Lion* and then the *Tiger* overhauled the fleeing Germans, and upon those two was concentrated all the fire of the German guns—now at much closer range. That it was not more effective was due no doubt to the great damage which the British guns had wrought at the longer ranges. The *Lion* was severely damaged by a shell below the water-line, and finally had to be towed home. But the *Derfflinger* and *Seydlitz*, it is reported, were practically silenced—all their big guns being put out of action—and both were said to be badly afire.

Here enters the last of the unusual features of this peculiar encounter—the German submarines, used as a screen for their fleeing battle-cruisers. These underwater terrors had followed the big ships through the night, and when the latter came tearing desperately back were ready to receive the enemy. In the presence of such a flotilla, with the mined area not far away, further British pursuit would have been madness. The submarines alone could perhaps have been avoided, though even then a single lucky torpedo would have spelled disaster; but the minefield provided almost a certainty of destruction, and could not sensibly have been risked.

Unlike the Scarborough and Whitby raid, which took place in a heavy fog, and in which the Germans managed to escape the pursuit of their natural opponents, this raid was boldly attempted in fine weather, and the Germans stumbled right into the very ships they most wished to avoid. For no other squadron of the British Navy could have overtaken them in so summary a fashion; and none, failing to overtake them, could have had a chance to smash them. There will be no more raids of that sort for some time to come. The *Moltke*, unaided, would not attempt it; and the *Moltke* is the only one left with the speed and gun-power needed, unless the *Luetzow* has been completed more rapidly than anticipated. With the *Derfflinger*, *Seydlitz*, and *Von der Tann* all out of action for some time to come, Germany has available only two armoured vessels of 24 knots or better out of the nine on her lists August 1. The *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau*, and *Blücher* are at the bottom, and the *Goeben* is in Turkish hands. Omitting the *Lion*, temporarily disabled, England has eleven such ships available, though not all of them are in English waters. The *Lion* is the only one of this type which has yet been damaged.

The lesson again is *Guns*. Speed was needed to overtake the Germans, but without the guns that speed would have been of scant avail. And that nation which is to have command of the sea, and thereby of the ability to wage war successfully, must have guns—big ones and lots of them—mounted on well-defended and fast ships. In no other way can ultimate victory be assured against an aggressive and determined enemy.

## Arras and Douai

BY DOUGLAS GOLDRING

THE towns of Arras and Douai, which have suffered so severely during the last few months at the hands of the Germans, rise from a melancholy but rich plain. Their history—like that of the whole of the Lowlands—has been one of great commercial prosperity varied by periods of terrible suffering inflicted by the conquerors whom their wealth attracted. The greatest periods in the history of Arras were the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when the city was famous for its cloth and woollen manufactures, and for the tapestries which have made its name a household word. In modern times, however, it has been far surpassed by Douai in commercial importance. When I was in Arras last Easter, an air of unhappiness seemed even then to pervade its uncompleted boulevards and ill-kept public buildings. Seen from the railway, Arras used to arouse great expectations. Its fine Beffroi, now non-existent, and the baroque mass of the Abbaye of St. Vaast overawed the mean streets which surrounded them, and in the distance gave a great impression of grandeur which a closer inspection of the town, it must be admitted, failed to bear out. Indeed, it was evident as soon as one left the station yard that there was a blight over Arras. The new boulevard which has taken the place of the demolished fortifications was unfinished, and suggested a new suburb in which a number of speculative builders had become bankrupt. When one penetrated into the town and entered the fine Grande Place, with its characteristic Flemish houses, with arcades and ornamented gables, the feeling of depression was, if anything, increased. A few railway trucks stood forlornly in the midst of the cobbled expanse, and a sad air of neglect and squalor hung over what were once the homes of the wealthy Arrageois merchants of the seventeenth century. The Petite Place, which opens out of the Grande Place, had a more imposing air, owing to the presence of the restored and richly ornamented Hotel de Ville (now demolished), which occupied the whole of one side.

The centre of the "life" of the city—it probably has none now—was the tiny Place du Théâtre, some way to the left, through which runs the narrow, stone-paved Rue Ernestale. Here one's feeling of depression became almost unbearable. The people who passed were dour and sour-looking, and quite unlike the volatile Latins of other parts of France; the language they talked was guttural and harsh; they were not remarkable for politeness.

I remember that the first day of my visit was Good Friday. Some military manœuvres had been taking place in the neighbourhood, and at luncheon time the *salle-à-manger* of the hotel was filled with hard-working, frugal French officers who impressed me with their seriousness and simplicity. They looked, even then, as though they "meant business," as if they, too,

were preparing with unremitting energy for "the day." An old colonel who sat at the next table to me, I remember very vividly. He had the clear blue eyes of a child—full of intelligence and with possibilities of a steely hardness—and long white moustaches and a skin all wrinkled and puckered with exposure. His hands were beautifully kept, and his manner to his junior officers—who appeared to adore him—was a delight to watch. The number of his regiment was, I believe, the 63rd.

To me the soldiers were the one bright spot in Arras. The town itself made one shudder. Perhaps the Arrageois themselves have not yet recovered from the attentions of their fellow-citizens, Robespierre and Lebon, at the time of the Terror. I do not think it could have surprised anyone who knows Arras to hear of the terrible things which have happened there during the present war. Some towns always seem to be clouded over with impending doom. Arras was one of them.

The Cathedral of Arras and its great Abbey are—perhaps one should say "were"—huge, cold buildings, whose only claim to distinction is their size. The Abbey, which is the better of the two, was reconstructed in 1754. The Cathedral was begun in the following year, but not completed till 1833. Its huge, vault-like nave struck me as incredibly gloomy and repellent, while its numerous tawdry ornaments, falling into decay, increased its appearance of neglect.

Arras has a *citadelle*, in which a few troops were wont to be stationed, and has often been described in the papers as a "fortified" town. Its fortifications were, however, dismantled some years ago, and it is quite unimportant in the military sense. It boasts one peculiar feature, which may very probably have come in useful for the civilian inhabitants during the recent bombardments. A large number of the houses, besides their ordinary cellars, possess vast underground halls and passages called *boves*, said to have been caused by ancient quarrying operations. Some of these *boves* have been left in their rough state; others have been fitted up and utilised in various ways. The most remarkable of these catacombs are under the Grande Place and the Place de la Préfecture.

Douai is larger than Arras, having about 35,000 inhabitants to Arras' 25,000, and is very much dirtier. It reminds one of some of the towns in the English Black Country, and its long line of forges and foundries rise out of the plain with a curious and bizarre effect. Behind its rampart of factories and ironworks, however, lie the monuments of the great university town in which so many English and Irish Catholic priests of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries received their education. The Hotel de Ville, with its Beffroi, are good examples of fifteenth century architecture, and were restored in 1857-60. Like Arras, Douai has withstood sieges and suffered more than its share of the horrors of war. When the history of the present struggle comes to be written, we may find that the miseries it has suffered during the past few months exceed anything that it has ever known.

## The Influence of the Sea

BY SOPHROSYNÉ

ALL the tendency of late years has been to minimise the importance of the sea as a barrier between continents or countries. America has playfully talked of the Atlantic as the "herring pond," the Channel between us and the Continent was the "little silver streak"; turbines and still more recently aeroplanes have reduced time to its minimum, until what was formerly a great adventure became a luxurious passage of four or five days; in the case of the Channel, of as many hours; while the airman succeeded in establishing the *entente cordiale* in a return visit between the hours of lunch and dinner! England, so often in times past the butt of wit on the ground of its insularity, began to pride itself on its cosmopolitan tendency, to feel almost as thoroughly in touch with Continental life as if no belt of water flowed between. Some, indeed, there were whose desire for travel so far exceeded their means and seamanship as to make them wish they had not been placed by destiny on an island. All things conspired to make that fact of less and less importance.

Nevertheless, fundamentally the influence played by the sea in the making and the history of England is at the root of her greatness. It has given her a stability possessed by no other of the Western nations. Across the Continent of Europe the flood of invasion poured its tide, not once but many times, blotting out and exterminating previous civilisations, generating races that were hybrid to decadence. In England, those who conquered, while they came to stay, altered in much less degree the character of the country. Even while they brought fresh ideas and acquisitions in their train, they became absorbed into its existing life. They gave, they added to, but in no case did they exterminate that which they found on their arrival.

Not only stability resulted, but hardihood. The races who conquered the island were those who had prowess on the sea. Danes and Romans, the Norseman and the Norman, were all men for whom the sea had no terrors, who lived in sea-girt lands themselves, and who, if they included pirates in their number, were also men of strength, endurance, and abounding vitality. The dweller on an island has need of hardihood. His means of livelihood, his medium of defence is "ocean, mighty monster," hardest of all the forces of nature to tame, most difficult of all to yoke to the triumphal car of civilisation. To-day the British sailor is the finest sailor in the world; he is the outcome of untold generations of watchful hardihood, of the power to endure all perils of the sea, the skill to interpret her moods in his interest and to gauge the capacity and personality of the ships which ride her.

Much of the strength of which Englishmen are so proud, the pluck that has made them great travellers, keen sportsmen, and soldiers who have no compeers the whole world over, is due to the influence of the sea, is an heritage of the struggles weathered by far-off ancestors in the endeavour to preserve life in the difficult climatic conditions of an island, amid restricted

resources; of their fight for the mastery of the sea which constantly beats upon their shores, and over which they must pass to reach the treasure, the luxury, and tropic abundance of the South which they coveted.

The sea not only engenders hardihood; it breeds imagination. These are the two distinguishing factors in leadership; no man and no nation can be great without them. There is a tendency to confuse excitability with imagination, and to assume that because the English are stolid, self-restrained, externally unimaginative, they are lacking in that quality. No mistake could be greater. The land of romance, the home of the legend, is the land of the sea. The Saga of the Norseman, the Homeric poems of the sea-scattered isles of Greece, the Arthurian legends of the shores of Brittany and of our Western promontory, the immortal legends of the Rhine, are survivals of the most ancient romances of the world, and have all come down to us from the lips of men to whom the salt of the sea was as the breath of life to their nostrils. The tendency of the city is to stifle imagination. Fact is too real, too near, life too crammed with the business of getting money and pleasure to allow much play for the luxury of dreams. The sailor at his post, alone with the great stretch of purple sea, under a boundless canopy of sky, or riding hard on the gale in the teeth of angry foam-crowned waves, finds it easy to people the air and the waters with teeming multitudes of spirits interested in his destiny for good or evil. No man is so imaginative or at the same time so superstitious as a sailor.

The influence of the sea is a tyranny, so strong is it in many English families. No power can keep them away from its charm; no lure of pleasure or gold is as seductive as its spell, to which they are compelled to answer. Generation after generation, they have given of their sons, their brothers, to the deep, to lie silent in the bosom of the mistress they loved so well; but still they respond to her voice; the Navy is full of men whose forefathers from the days of gallant Drake have been seafarers. In the fishing villages of England the pursuit of the craft has come down in line unbroken from the remotest past. Many hold that the supremacy of our airmen is due to the inherited instinct of control of the elements that helps the bird on its wing, and the man who has battled with the winds for long ages in the person of his ancestors.

From whatever side we view it, it is impossible to dissociate England from her empire of the sea, to overrate its influence upon her people. Truths that were half recognised before are gaining enormous importance in these days. One of these is the strategic value of natural frontiers, of barriers afforded by rivers, hills, and especially by the sea. Always this has been known, but in this war is infinitely emphasised. Week by week the pressure on Germany is being increased by our mastery of the sea; week by week, as the war progresses, England learns her debt to that belt of water and to the argus-eyed Navy that watches it unceasingly and without sleep.

To those whom the business of war or commerce compels frequent crossing of the Channel, the contrast between those lands which war has ravaged and our own, lying safe within the circle of the waves, is so keen as to be distressing. A short four hours' journey, and one is in the presence of war itself, dread and terrible, with its attendant ministry of horror. Here in England, it is true, we live in its shadow; it clouds our minds and it darkens life—but what an infinity of difference! Our land so sacred is still unsoiled, our commerce scarcely touched, our women and children dwell secure; our Empire unafraid, unshaken, rests on foundations that are unassailable. All this we owe to the influence of the Sea. Many lives we have given to her in this war, much tribute we have paid her, but in storm and in calm she has proved herself the friend of England.

## REVIEWS

### The Great Game

*A Pilgrim's Scrip.* By R. CAMPBELL THOMPSON.  
Illustrated. (Lane. 12s. 6d. net.)

TIME, in his progress, hides a thousand interesting things from our inquisitive eyes; he buries cities under sea or sand, drops the curtain over ancient civilisations and peoples, changes the course of rivers, and does his best to thwart the peering, prying scientist. Here and there, however, on rocks that rise above the desert, on stones lightly covered with the drifted sand of centuries, he has left the records of ancient nations, the tale of stirring deeds; but only in quite recent years have men been able to read these fascinating words. By this "great game" of hide-and-seek Mr. Campbell Thompson has been enthralled, and the story of some of his adventures into the land of the Hittites, north of Bagdad, into the peninsula of Sinai, and into Tripoli, is set forth in this book.

The author's manner of writing is almost scriptural, and after the first feeling of surprise this is not unpleasant. Even the most prosaic details, such as the provision of a "tip-truck railway" in excavation work, are treated in this style: "After the first probings have borne fruit," he says, "the lucky areas widen, and all their refuse must be vomited afar off, lest the tailings add their hindrance. Thus is a railway expedient, and its cost adds greatly to the burden of the enterprise; yet, perhaps, a first season in a virgin place demands it not." He explains that "the northern road from Trebizonde was closed by reason of the winter, for it was yet February," and throughout the book we find him using "nay," "for," "now" at the beginning of sentences in the Biblical mode. From pleasant, casual references, however, we gather that he does not disdain other literature; by allusions to "Sol Gills" and "Mr. Feeder, B.A.," he proves himself a student of Charles Dickens—and here is a pretty play of words

which brings "Pickwick" and Mr. Alfred Jingle to the mind:

The soldier led the caravan, his mare probing for a ford, while as a tailpiece to the picture of four horses splashing knee-deep in the water there was old Mustapha huddled high on his saddle. To my mind came a jingle of expectation—deep ford—paper to a learned society—crossing water—didactic utterance—mouth the only safe place for a watch—if horse stumble—heroic picture—plaguey wet—very—. And then, be damned to it, my horse did stumble, put his foot into a hole, and I slipped out of the saddle. With barely time to slip my watch into my mouth and hold up the camera in its haversack shoulder-high, I was floundering about in the muddy stream, waist-deep. I spent an hour on the bank getting a dry shift of clothing from the packs.

This gives a glimpse of the difficulties attending travel in these lands; as to the excavation itself, "you may dig for week after week," writes Mr. Thompson, "a weary and indefinite time of waiting, finding nothing, and then on a sudden the most glorious treasures will be revealed, tasking your time from dawn to sunset; so it was in the first year of excavations at Carchemish." The finest chapters in the book are concerned with discoveries at Mosul, the ancient Nineveh, in 1904, and with the deciphering of the great inscription of Darius, dating from 500 B.C., at Behistun. This remained almost unread, save for a few names, until the efforts of Henry Rawlinson laid the foundation for a knowledge of the cuneiform script; and more than half a century after him came Mr. Thompson. For sixteen days he and his colleague, Mr. Leonard King, climbed ladders or swung in cradles against the carved, lofty rock, and the results of their labours are now known to all who study these wondrous themes.

The minor incidents of the journeys are full of interest, and occasionally amusing. The wandering minstrel of Syria has changed his pipes, it seems, for a gramophone "gasping out Turkish discords such as savages delight in. He peregrinates the markets with this devil's voice ready to be unchained for a *metalique*; it is a toy fit for the Tartar intelligence." And at Bagdad "the younger Turks were riding gently to and fro on bicycles, exhibiting explosive, ring-straked socks." Weddings, festivities, alarms of brigands, a strike among the workmen, hunting of the ibex in Sinai, a visit to the turquoise-mines (where an Englishman—from Poplar!—was in charge), and many other incidents of travel are described; the reader who does not happen to be particularly interested in the subjects of Assyriology or archæology will still find this volume, with its fine illustrations, one to enjoy and to read carefully. "When the laborious sunlight has departed, and it is time to take to writing, it is an encouragement to think that other and fitter men have made mistakes, but better still to remember that all critics are hostile." So writes the author in a passage half-truculent, half-apologetic; but critics of his work, we imagine, will be anything but hostile. They may rebel at some of his words, as when he writes "to joust at the quintain of his outrecuidance," or uses terms such

as "gigmanity," "agiotage," "cytogastrous," or drops into "hight" and "bedight" incongruously; but, noting these unfortunate flaws, they will have to admit that he has given them one of the best travel-books of late years. Mr. Thompson has recently been appointed a captain on the Staff of the Indian Army, and is now on active service; we wish him a safe return, and, in times of peace, more pleasant wanderings.

## Modern Germany

*Modern Germany.* By J. ELLIS BARKER. Fifth Edition. (London: Smith, Elder. 7s. 6d. net.)

NONE has worked more strenuously or been better equipped than Mr. Ellis Barker in the last fifteen years to make the British people realise two things: first, the ever-growing menace of Germany to the British Empire; second, the opportunities which had come to the British Empire to make itself a real Empire in defence, in commerce, in economics—opportunities which the Free Traders for purely party purposes refused to seize. The double-headed lesson has surely been brought home to all to-day, and the only puzzle to us is that four editions of Mr. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" should be exhausted whilst the British democracy remained deaf to the teachings of the book. How the interest in Germany's doings in the last few years has grown is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the first edition of the book contained 346 pages; the fifth edition contains 852. There is not a superfluous page in it. Neither, so far as we can gather, has Mr. Ellis Barker missed anything essential to the completeness of the picture. Its survey of the expansion of Germany under the guidance of Prussia, a purely military State, till its navy, its commerce, and its colonies had become of world-wide significance is masterly as orderly. Germany took many of her ideas from this country—her navy, her agriculture, her great manufacturing industry—and improved upon them in some ways, whilst cheapening them in others. Her ambition, as he shows, was ultimately to secure our heritage, and she had gone so far and done so much that it is not in the least surprising she should have come to consider that she was to be the master of the world, with Great Britain as her obedient henchman, existing on sufferance. How could she think otherwise? We have done everything to lead her to believe that we were abandoning those courses by which we secured the position she envies. Take agriculture alone: "Great Britain, after having been the first and the foremost nation in applying science to agriculture, has now become the last." Germany has grown rich with the capital provided by France in '71, on which she really started her business, and riches have brought discontent; the men, says Mr. Barker, who are powerful are discontented because they are not wealthy, the men who are wealthy are discontented because they are not powerful. Germany has been brought to her present critical plight by the very machine which made her

great—the army; and we really think that the most significant chapter in Mr. Barker's new edition is that in which he tells the shameful story of the Zabern affair. When the tin tyrants of militarism obviously place themselves in the wrong with the civil population, when the Reichstag can pass a vote of censure by 293 to 54, and when a military court can, by declaring the offending officers not guilty, override every civil right, then we get an example of Prussianism run mad, and can begin to understand that, if there had been no war, there would probably ere long have been a constitutional revolution in the German Empire. Mr. Ellis Barker's "Modern Germany" is invaluable as a clue to the forces at work in every department of her national life, and we agree with him that it is a pity the cost of producing so ample a volume does not admit of its being issued at a more popular price than 7s. 6d.—though that is only two-thirds of the cost of the book when it bulked less than half its present size.

### Unsavoury and Unvaried Fare

*Napoleon III and the Women He Loved.* By HECTOR FLEISCHMANN. Translated by DR. A. S. RAPPOPORT. (Holden and Hardingham. 7s. 6d. net.)

It seems a pity that certain writers, of more than one nationality, should find a pleasure—or profit—in compiling books that are of little value from an artistic or any other point of view. In these columns, not so very many months ago, an English author's work was severely dealt with on account of the very unnecessary revelations it made concerning a sovereign who is still alive. Prince Louis Napoleon no longer lives to charm, beguile, or fascinate the fair ladies, so anxious to pay court to the fickle monarch, but at the same time the use, interest, or amusement of "Napoleon III and the Women He Loved" is very hard to discover. In "Princess Mathilde," a book reviewed in THE ACADEMY last week, this monarch had his place; his indiscretions were not omitted, his foibles not glossed over, yet their presentation was a very different matter from that of M. Fleischmann and his translator, Dr. Rappoport.

Napoleon III certainly in no way rose superior to the times in which he lived; he came to a corrupt court, and did nothing in any way to improve the conditions he found there. The present book, however, in dealing with one side only of the Emperor's character, gives the reader a very unjust impression, and magnifies out of all due proportion the sins laid to his charge. Viel Castel's diaries are drawn upon largely for many quotations, some of which are in very bad taste. The translation, also, is frequently rendered into very poor English—in fact, in some places it can hardly be said to be English at all. What, for instance, does the last sentence mean in the following:

What qualities did he possess, besides his title of prince and nephew of Napoleon, calculated to seduce and conquer them, to kindle in their feeble souls the fire of romantic passions? How was he?

"He was described as measuring 1 metre 68" may mean

height or chest proportion, for it is stated that Napoleon III was stout.

Some portions of the account read more like jottings than a book with any literary pretensions. Of Captain—later Colonel—Claude Nicolas Vaudrey it is explained that:

At Mont Saint Jean he pointed his guns and fired the last shots for the Empire. Result—half-pay, November 1, 1815. . . . He was by rights entitled to be Aide-de-Camp to the Duc d'Orleans. Refusal. He had the right to a scholarship for his son. Refusal.

Enough has been said to give the reader some idea of the fare he will receive if he decides to attend the table of M. Hector Fleischmann and Dr. A. S. Rappoport; the dishes will not be varied, and if in time he begins to feel a little wearied of the reappearance of the same viands, and wish for a change, he will learn that there is nothing else to serve.

### Hills and Vales of Somerset

*The Heart of Mendip.* By FRANCIS A. KNIGHT. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 8s. 6d. net.)

It is a matter of congratulation that Mr. Knight, whose death occurred just before the publication of this book, lived to complete his treatment of the Mendip district. In this and its companion volume, "The Sea-Board of Mendip," published thirteen years earlier, we have an adequate and delightful survey of a most interesting and hitherto little known corner of Western England. It was a special distinction of the author that he was not only an archæologist and naturalist, but that he possessed the gift of writing with some measure of literary charm, to which he added the human touch that is sometimes lacking in the work of antiquaries and naturalists. By this accomplishment undoubtedly Mr. Knight will be remembered in the future; he is the historian of Mendip, and as such all who love Somerset, and all lovers of our countryside annals, will ever be grateful to him. In saying this we do not forget his other graceful and pleasing writings. It is not altogether a satisfactory thing to find that this volume has been published by subscription, because we are forced to realise that without such a precaution it might not have been published at all; and it is a condemnation of our public that there should be no remunerative market for such sterling work, which is of far more than local interest; but, recognising that condition, the method of subscription is a good alternative.

We should have been glad if Mr. Knight had extended his treatment so as to include Dundry and Maes Knoll and Stanton Drew, but in so doing he would certainly have gone outside the "heart" of Mendip. This region is now more accessible than ever before; it has become unhappily familiar to consumptives; its heights are traversed by tourist cars with loads of sight-seers, and are linked in hurried excursions to the attractions of Cheddar and of Wells.

Yet still in most parts the somewhat bare plateau is consecrated to utter solitude; only its fringe is touched

by railways, and the population is scanty. It is, as Mr. Edward Hutton well says, a "lonely, windy place, as grey as a winter sky and as mysterious as the last few days of the year, a place of rolling and empty fields, of sudden and immense views, of a strange and grim enchantment." The very name is a puzzle; its first syllable may be the Celtic *maen*, a stone; or perhaps *men*, which means ore, recalling the mining that took place on Mendip from immemorial times.

The earliest known Roman inscription discovered in Britain was on a pig of lead found near Wookey Hole, dated A.D. 49, when Claudius was Emperor; and the Romans merely carried on the work of earlier inhabitants, probably a tribe of Belgæ. Among the parishes here fully dealt with are Winscombe, with its Quaker settlement and its famous Sidcot Schools; Shipham, with its mining memories and its records of the good work done by Hannah More in humanising the population that was sunk low in ignorance and savagery; Churchill, which includes the huge Dolbury camp; Burrington, with its fine Combe and its caves; Axbridge, with its interesting church and old-world atmosphere; Cheddar, of world-wide fame not only for its magnificent gorge and caverns, but also for its cheeses, which were alluded to by Camden, more than three centuries ago, as "excellent and prodigious." In these days we know that some so-called "Cheddar" comes from across the water, but much good cheese is still produced in the Mendip district. There is also a chapter devoted to Charterhouse-on-Mendip, with its long since despoiled monastery of Witham and its traces of Roman occupation. The volume is illumined and enlivened by many quotations from old-time parish registers, by notices of bird and beast and flower, by due attention to architecture and church monuments, by local legend and personal association. The literary charm of the region is not great, though Locke was born, and Hannah More lived, at Wrington, which lies well within the Mendip neighbourhood. We seldom read either nowadays, but we cannot forget that Hannah More, if small as a poetess, was a large-hearted and most useful woman. There are good pictures, and a map adds interest and value to what is a thoroughly attractive and welcome volume.

### Fiction

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS has returned to bonnie Devon in his new novel, "Brunel's Tower" (Heinemann, 6s.), and very glad are we to say that this will stand with his best West-country stories. It is more a study of finely contrasted characters than a novel of action, but it holds the reader right through. Harvey Porter, the youth of mysterious origin, with queer notions of right and wrong; Easterbrook, the master of the Devon pottery, and Paul Pitts, his painter and friend, who argue from different points of view—one being a rationalist, the other a Christian—but who both do good and live rightly; the conceited Marsland and his sweetheart, humorous in the most delightful

vein: each of these is a splendidly drawn, distinct person. And the workmen of the pottery remind us of Mr. Thomas Hardy's finest "native" conversations; their remarks are shrewd, innocent, amusing, and they all live. As far as we know, the red clay of Devon has not been thus spiritualised and expounded before in any book, and Mr. Phillpotts has succeeded admirably. The clay runs through the story like a recurring theme in a fugue, never lost, never too obtrusive. Lovers of Dartmoor and its fringe of valleys will set this book aside to be read again. It has its tragedy—as when Aunt Sophia, who paints the flowers on the pots and vases, and whose bad work through failing sight has been concealed from her by those who love her, is rudely told the truth by the careless Harvey; it ends also on a grave note; but it is sincere, restful, and has the reality of life, where laughter is never far away from sorrow.

It is one thing to write a book, but quite another to find a suitable title for it. The modern novelist, especially if a lady, often calls her story by the name of her heroine. Some of these works have become classics, as, for instance, "Jane Eyre," but not one of them gives an inkling to the would-be reader of the delights or the disappointments he may be faced with as he turns the pages. "La Belle Alliance," by Rowland Grey (Smith, Elder and Co., 6s.), is an exception; the title awakens an interest which may at the first blush be doomed to disappointment, but which at the end will be more than satisfied. It does not tell of a clash of arms, of the historic battle of giants, with which the name is so closely associated in connection with the happenings of a century ago; on the contrary, "La Belle Alliance" is a quite peaceful story. The heroine, an athletic English girl, is sent to finish her education in Madame Souvestre's well-known establishment at Fontainebleau, and anyone who has had to face a similar ordeal will acknowledge the difficulties confronting insular prejudice when pitted against the suavity of the politest nation in the world. This is to all intents and purposes a girl's book, but we venture to think it will entertain scores of older readers, just as "Tom Brown's Schooldays" has done.

In "The Family" (Methuen and Co., 6s.) Elinor Mordaunt presents a minute study of a country gentleman's family and home. He is the typical English squire, with sporting proclivities and numerous children to provide for. There are eleven boys and girls and their mother, and the author is at pains to individualise the characteristics of each in a way that demonstrates a deep acquaintance with the idiosyncrasies of human nature. A pathetic side of the story is that only two of the squire's numerous progeny show any real sympathy for each other.

"The Relation of International Law to the Law of England and the United States," by Cyril M. Picciotto, with an introduction by Professor Oppenheim, will appear immediately through Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons, Ltd.

## Shorter Notices

### The Hand and the Brain

The claims of actual handwork as supplementary to theoretical study are now thoroughly realised by most teachers, but there was room for a critical treatment of the subject. This is now given by Mr. P. B. Ballard, M.A., in the new, revised, and much enlarged edition of his book on "Handwork as an Educational Medium" (Allen and Unwin, 3s. 6d. net). Quoting some of the famous psychologists, he discusses in a lucid and extremely interesting manner the motor and mental development of the child, and passes on to consider the place of practical work—the actual manipulation of objects—in the formation of ideas and the evolution of the mind, including a clever chapter on "Ambidexterity." It has been found that boys, supposedly stupid when put to study the classics, became markedly skilful even to the point of genius when transferred to mechanical work; "far from being the worst intellects in the school," said a successful headmaster, "they were often the best." Instead of being listless and a constant worry to the teacher, they did their tasks keenly and with pleasure, and their progress in mathematics was notably better than before. Mr. Ballard's thoughtful work has done much to remove the dreariness from school life, and to show that between the "dull boy" and the "bright boy" the difference is often merely that of the method of instruction or the task each is set to do. We commend this book as a very fine study of educational complexities which every teacher should buy and read carefully.

### The Rubber Industry

Not the least useful purpose of an exhibition such as that held last summer in London in connection with rubber and allied trades is that, while visualising the industry in all its branches, it affords experts an opportunity of expounding their views in conference. From the planting of the rubber tree to the turning out of a motor tyre the industry is full of fascination and even of romance. It is one of the marvels of the tropics, but rubber would all count for nothing but for the discovery of vulcanisation and the resourcefulness of the laboratory in application. A fair idea of the development and potentialities of the business is afforded by "The Rubber Industry" (Exhibition Offices, 75, Chancery Lane, W.C., 15s. 6d. net), edited by Dr. Torrey and A. Staines Manders. The volume contains the papers and addresses delivered at the London Conference in 1914, together with those read at the New York Conference in 1912. Rubber problems are many and varied; as industries go, the rubber industry is a new one, and chemists and planters make discoveries of importance pretty frequently. The chemist has, of course, introduced the bogey of synthetic rubber, but those who study these papers will not, we think, be much scared by any menace in that direction. "The Rubber Industry" is a volume which everyone engaged in rubber production and manufacture must possess.

The *Army and Navy Gazette* in future will publish the Officers' Casualty List (arranged by regiments) on the last Saturday in each month. These lists will contain the casualties which have been officially notified during the previous month.

## On the Rules of Royal Auction

BY TAUNTON WILLIAMS

THERE is a curious disinclination on the part of Auction Bridge players to master the rules of the game. The latter are to be found in almost every manual on the subject. There are, however, considerably over a hundred of them, and the number may explain this neglect of an elementary acquirement. Whatever be the reason, it is quite customary to have disputes and differences of opinion among people who have otherwise a useful grasp of the intricacies of the game. And the points in debate are mostly the same. I have committed some of these to memory, and shall group them together in this article, trusting that, detached from the formidable body of the rules, they may make a more permanent impression. But the best form of instruction is for strict players to enforce the penalty in every instance, for there is a penalty for every breach which can be construed as giving an advantage to the side which commits it. Leniency in this respect is a mistake for all parties, and fosters a slovenly style of play, as evidenced in this reluctance to learn even the rules.

Even at so early a stage of the game as the deal, some ambiguity seems to exist. For instance, I have known players who have discovered towards the end of a round that they have only twelve cards claim a fresh deal. The laws are very explicit on this point, and impose, moreover, a penalty for the failure of a player to detect an error in the deal or in the pack when arranging his hand. If he does not discover a deficiency before playing any of his cards, the deal stands good, and he is as responsible for any revoke he may have made as if the missing card were in his hand. Again, if a pack be found to be incorrect at any stage of a rubber, or after its completion, the scores made prior to the discovery cannot be altered or annulled. The hand in which the error is detected, however, is null and void, and there must be a fresh deal. Another point of uncertainty is in regard to dealing out of turn, or with the adversaries' cards. The mistake cannot be rectified after the last card is dealt; the deal then stands good.

Now a few words on declaring trumps. The initiated will forgive me mentioning, for the benefit of the novice, that, as the lowest bid at Royal Auction is "One Club," "Spades" now mean "Royals," and anyone overcalling "One Spade" with "One Club" may be penalised to go two of the latter suit. Then, when both partners have made declarations in the same suit, the deal goes invariably to the original declarant of it, whatever be the circumstances. I have known it asserted that, because another bid has intervened, the declaration thereby becomes a new one. There is an important point in connection with the failure of a player to declare sufficient tricks to overbid the previous declaration. As is well known enough, the declarant in fault is compelled to go the requisite number of tricks, but what is not so well known is that

his partner is debarred from making any further declaration unless the bidding is re-opened by one of the adversaries. The insufficient bid, however, must be noticed and rectified before it is overcalled, nor can the number of tricks a player is forced to go exceed seven. At the end of the bidding the only information a player is entitled to ask for is what was the final declaration.

On the subject of doubling, I need only say that the limit imposed by the laws is the first re-double, and that in the latter case both the bonus for fulfilling the contract and for each additional trick beyond the contract is a hundred points. No player must double out of his turn; if he does, the other side may demand a new deal.

There is an impression that the participation of Dummy, once his cards are exposed, is restricted to inquiring if his partner has none of a suit renounced. Dummy is not quite so effaced as all that. The rules permit him (1) to call attention to the fact that too many or too few cards have been played to a trick; (2) to correct the claim of either adversary to a penalty if improperly stated; (3) to call attention to the erroneous gathering of a trick by either side; (4) to join in a discussion on a question of fact or of law; (5) to correct an erroneous score. What he must not do is to call the declarant's attention to any penalty to which the latter may be entitled; to touch or otherwise suggest the play of a card; to point out that the declarant is about to play from the wrong hand; to look over his partner's hand or, strictly, indeed, to leave his seat.

The laws are most lenient to the player of the two hands, whom I have referred to as the declarant. He is not held liable to any penalty for an error whence he can gain no advantage, not even, for example, if he exposes the whole of his cards (Rule 70). The subject of exposed cards and cards liable to be called is too long to be dealt with here; it will be found treated in the laws from Rule 71 to 86, and will repay careful study. Other rules worth noting are (84), that if fourth hand should play before the second, the latter (not being Dummy or his partner) may be called upon to win or not to win the trick, or to discard from a suit specified by the declarant, always, of course, subject to his not being asked to revoke. Then Rule 89 is of a drastic order, viz., if anyone, save Dummy, plays two cards to a trick, or mixes a card with a trick and the mistake is not discovered until the hand is played out, he is liable for all consequent revokes he may have made, although if the error be detected during the play of the hand, the tricks may be searched face downwards and the card restored. The penalty remains.

Some noteworthy points in the rules on revoking are that when either of the adversaries has revoked, the declarer may take three tricks to make good his bid, but he may not thereon score any bonus if the declaration has been doubled or redoubled: that the penalty of 150 points is not affected by doubling or redoubling; that in no circumstances can partners score anything except for honours or chicane on a hand in which one of

them has revoked; that if a revoke is discovered before the trick is turned and quitted, the other players may withdraw the cards they have put down, without penalty, but the card of the transgressor may be treated as an exposed card; that the declarant cannot so be dealt with when he is fourth in hand, and Dummy never; that if the player accused of a revoke mixes the cards before they have been examined, the revoke is established; that a revoke cannot be claimed after the pack has been cut for the following deal; that if both sides revoke neither can score anything but for honours and chicane, and if both revoke more than once the side guilty of the fewer offences scores 150 points for each extra revoke.

## The Theatre

### A Fine, Confused Farce

IF the caprice of a first night's audience made success, "He Didn't Want To Do It," by Mr. Broadhurst and Mr. Hackett, produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre last Saturday, would be indeed victorious. The crowded house rocked to the humours of the authors and the curious and excellent performance of the whole cast. But the farce is almost too elaborate, too obviously anxious to be funny, to enthrall the more accustomed playgoer.

Mr. Broadhurst is, we have been told, an Englishman who has had many successes in America, and the present play is certainly reminiscent of some light stage pieces which have gained more admirers in the United States than in London. The plot shows a Major Drinkwater, Mr. Fred Lewis—who has entirely shed his Chesterton-ducal style on this occasion—engaged in a swindle in regard to some wonderful emeralds, which are not, of course, real emeralds. He is to be assisted by the remarkable manager of a popular Riviera hotel, made doubly interesting by the farcical art of Mr. Lyall Swete. But these two subtle dogs become involved with an advertising American novelist, Mr. Nat D. Ayer; three rather unaccountable ladies played by those beauties of the stage, Miss Lydia Bilbrooke, Miss Hilda Bayley, and the lively Miss Marion Lorne; an original type of unconventional sham detective, Mr. Arthur Hatherton; and two innocent and amusing personages, Smith, Mr. Joseph Coyne, and his blunt friend Witherton, Mr. Frederick Kerr. All these people tell the truth, and that which is not, in just such a way as to confuse each other and the audience during the harmless if necessary three acts. As all the actors carry on their mysterious and laugh-provoking business with perfect skill, the result is entertaining bewilderment, dashing action, occasional happy phrases, and many a would-be humorous situation—imported pretty directly from the States. Thus you will find that the play with the already well-worn title "He Didn't Want To Do It" gives plenty of opportunities for various kinds of laughter, from the heartiest, which you share with the

authors and actors, to the most cynical, which you keep within your own mind. If you do not admire the new farce you will still surely enjoy yourselves.

EGAN MEW.

## MOTORING

A NUMBER of prosecutions have been instituted for infringements of the "powerful lights" order made under the Defence of the Realm Regulations, and it appears that in the majority of such cases the defendants were unaware that they had entered the prohibited area (the Metropolitan Police District). With a view to co-operating with the authorities, as well as in the interests of motorists themselves, the Automobile Association and Motor Union has stationed patrols on all the main roads leading into London at the points where the Metropolitan Police District begins. They will be on this special duty between one half-hour before lighting-up time and 10 p.m., and will be provided with lamps to warn members of the proximity of the district wherein the prohibition applies. Now that a clear and authoritative definition of what constitutes a "powerful light" within the meaning of the Act has at last been elicited, the matter of swivelling lamps or "searchlights" has been brought into prominence. The ambiguity of the law with regard to the use of movable headlights was the subject of much discussion a year or two ago, and every motorist knows that he is required to use fixed headlights and at the same time show a light in the direction in which the car is moving—a matter of impossibility when the car is rounding a corner. However, the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis has just drawn the attention of the Automobile Association to the fact that certain lamps which are now being advertised in the Press are of types which the law does not allow—i.e., that they are mounted on brackets which enable them to be turned in any direction—a contravention of the Motor Cars Use and Construction Order, 1904. The Commissioner also points out that Section 25 of the Defence of the Realm Regulations enacts that no person shall without lawful authority be in possession of any searchlight or other apparatus intended for signalling, and that the unauthorised possession of a powerful lamp fitted with a shutter is considered an offence.

There is no necessity for workmen skilled in any branch of motor manufacture to be out of employment, and unusually lucrative employment too, at the present time, as remarkable activity prevails in the industry. For example, we hear from Messrs. D. Napier and Son, Ltd., whose works are at Acton Vale, W., that they have plenty of room for more men, especially in the turning, turret-laying, milling, drilling, and fitting departments. Full London wages are paid, in addition to a special bonus and liberal overtime money. Moreover, the men employed in this essentially British firm work under the most desirable conditions, the workshops being large, light, and airy.

## The City

THE ready manner in which the £50,000,000 of Exchequer Bonds offered on Tuesday were taken up is the best proof not only of the plethora of money available but of the confidence felt everywhere that there will be no over-serious straining of our resources in meeting the crisis brought about by the war. The City, indeed, all things considered, is in quite cheerful mood, and on the Stock Exchange the tendency to speculation increases. On the whole the Government have done so well in matters of business since August that Mr. Lloyd George's announcement of their intention to take over control of engineering factories and workshops engaged in the production of war munitions serves only to inspire confidence. They are not, however, wholly to be congratulated on the handling of British Dyes, Limited, the prospectus of which has just been issued. The company is capitalised at £2,000,000, of which half is guaranteed conditionally on mortgage by the Government, and half must be subscribed by the public. Some uncertainty has already arisen as to the Government terms, and the prospectus leaves some sympathisers with the movement rather cold because the assets to be created will entirely depend upon the spirit in which the authorities may regard the enterprise when peace comes. There is no confidence that with the return to normal party conditions there may not be a return to the undiluted Cobdenism which has hit British business so hard. Other points are sharply criticised by men like Sir William Ramsay and Sir Henry Roscoe. The originators of the scheme have not thought it worth while to give the scientific chemist a preponderant voice in the control of the business. Then there is no suggestion that we intend to exclude German dyes in future. How utterly we fail to apply the lessons Germany has taught us! Unless the scheme is amended, British Dyes, Limited, says Sir William Ramsay, is foredoomed to failure.

Complaint is pretty general that the Government are standing in the way of new companies, the floating of which might mean much to future British business. We hear of one big scheme for the purchase of an oil concession which has had to be dropped owing to the refusal of the authorities to sanction the sending of the necessary cash out of the country. It is just on the cards that the Government have at one and the same time saved the money in a double sense—for national needs and for the enjoyment of the possible investors who might never have seen any return on it. We know nothing of the enterprise in question, but we do know that the public must beware of being caught in the speculative net which certain interests in the Oil group have woven for the unwary. During the past fortnight there has been quite a considerable amount of speculation in the Oil market, but profit taking at the beginning of the week called a halt, and we hope the upward movement will not be resumed by amateur and outside dabbling. That way disappointment inevitably lies. With all the restrictions which now hedge round the buying and selling of shares, it is quite certain that the public is less likely than ever to be allowed to secure more than the tiniest sample of the plunder which the professionals know how to secure for themselves.

Markets generally have been inactive but firm. Marconis have been freely bought and the price is up. Apart from oil, tin has tended to be most in evidence, as the result of the advance in the price of the raw material. A rise of £5, directly traceable to shortage in stocks, encourages hope that this disappointing market may soon again yield better results. The report of the Jos Tin

(Nigeria) is satisfactory, especially in view of the record of certain other Nigerian enterprises which have let down their supporters. Jos pays a dividend at the rate of 7½ per cent. per annum.

Borax Consolidated, Ltd. show profits for the year ending September 30 last of £344,050. Interim dividends, debenture interest and various other items reduce the available balance to £200,846. After the payment of the final dividends, including 1s. per share on the Deferred Ordinary, making 7½ per cent. for the year, and placing £25,000 to general reserve, there is the very substantial amount of £68,346 to be carried forward.

Messrs. Houlder Bros. and Co. report a credit balance for 1914 of £93,587, to which must be added £13,019 brought in. After payment of Debenture and Preference interest, making various allocations, and bringing the reserve funds up to a quarter of a million sterling, a dividend at the rate of 12½ per cent. is available for the Ordinary shareholders, whilst the carry forward is £23,000—£10,000 more than last year.

## PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

Chief Office—HOLBORN BARS, LONDON.

FUNDS EXCEED £91,000,000.

Summary of the Report presented at the Sixty-sixth Annual Meeting, held on 4th March, 1915.

**ORDINARY BRANCH.**—The number of policies issued during the year was 65,751, assuring the sum of £6,318,843, and producing a new annual premium income of £424,353. The premiums received during the year were £5,035,625, being an increase of £115,107 over the year 1913. In addition, £10,315 was received in premiums under the Sickness Insurance Tables. The claims of the year amounted to £4,014,658. The number of deaths was 9,351. The number of endowment assurances matured was 24,966, the premium income of which was £136,735. The number of policies in force at the end of the year was 922,505.

**INDUSTRIAL BRANCH.**—The premiums received during the year were £8,176,202, being an increase of £301,746. The claims of the year amounted to £3,373,850, including £398,360 bonus additions. The number of claims and surrenders, including 6,731 endowment assurances matured, was 392,883. The number of free policies granted during the year to those policyholders of five years' standing and upwards, who desired to discontinue their payments, was 103,514, the number in force being 1,947,556. The number of free policies which became claims during the year was 46,364. The total number of policies in force in this branch at the end of the year was 20,085,010; their average duration exceeds thirteen years. The assets of the Company, in both branches, as shown in the balance sheet, are £91,202,344, being an increase of £4,209,341 over those of 1913.

The outbreak of hostilities in August last placed upon the Directors the grave responsibility of deciding what charge, if any, should be made to policyholders on active service. After careful consideration it was decided to charge no extra premium in respect of existing policies on the lives of those engaging for the period of the war, and in respect of existing policies on the lives of other members of the regular forces it was decided that £250 of assurance on any life should be exempted from the payment of extra premium.

In the Ordinary Branch a reversionary bonus at the rate of £1 10s. per cent. on the original sums assured has been added to all classes of participating policies issued since the year 1876. In the Industrial Branch a bonus addition will be made to the sums assured on policies of over five years' duration which become claims either by death or maturity of endowment from the 5th of March, 1915, to the 2nd of March, 1916, both dates inclusive, as follows:—

PREMIUMS PAID FOR			BONUS ADDITION TO SUMS ASSURED.	
5 years and less than 10 years	...	£2 10s. per cent.		
10 " " 15 " "	...	£5 " "		
15 " " 20 " "	...	£5 " "		
20 " " 25 " "	...	£7 10s. " "		
25 " " 30 " "	...	£10 " "		
30 " " 35 " "	...	£12 10s. " "		
35 " " 40 " "	...	£15 " "		
40 " " 45 " "	...	£20 " "		
45 " " 50 " "	...	£30 " "		
50 " " 55 " "	...	£40 " "		
55 " " 60 " "	...	£50 " "		
60 " and upwards.	...	£60 " "		

The six Prudential Approved Societies formed under the National

Insurance Act, 1911, have done important work during the year and the membership continues to increase. Since the commencement of the Act the Agency Staff has distributed benefits exceeding £3,000,000 to the members at their own homes.

Messrs. Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths and Co. have examined the securities, and their certificate is appended to the balance sheets.

THOS. C. DEWEY, Chairman.

W. J. LANCASTER, } Directors.  
F. SCHOOLING, }

J. BURN, Actuary.  
G. E. MAY, Secretary.

A. C. THOMPSON,

General Manager.

The full Report and Balance Sheet can be obtained upon application.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE PRICE OF NOVELS, ETC.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I have read with much interest the anonymous and somewhat offensive comments of "A Publisher" on the lecture I recently delivered to the booksellers. As his points are interesting I hope you will allow me to reply. My case is, briefly, as follows:—

(1) I contend that it is against the health of letters that one 6s. novel should be offered to the bookseller at 3s., another at 3s. 3d., or 3s. 4d., or 3s. 6d. The bookseller is tempted to buy the cheap and possibly the nasty. "A Publisher" ingeniously suggests that the publisher must sell the inferior article at a lower price if he is to sell it at all, but he conveniently ignores that he has to pay the good and established author 1s. 6d. a copy, the unpopular or new author only 7d. or less. If, therefore, he abates his price for the new or the bad, say, 6d., he has still an advantage of about 5d. Therefore the present system makes it more profitable to sell bad work. He prudently ignores the fact that several publishers make a practice of entrapping novices and paying them *nothing* on the first 1,500 copies or so, which means nothing at all. Here again, then, it profits him to sell the bad and the crude.

(2) As regards window-dressing, my main demand is that the show should be varied every day so that the public may gaze as raptly at books as it does at hats. The suggestion that I complain of the way in which I am treated is rebutted by the show I am kindly given, and reveals that he realises with difficulty that a man may be actuated by anything but self-interest.

(3) I object to remainders, i.e., to the sale of new books at a quarter of their price, because this teaches the public not to buy, but to wait for the remainder. That should be obvious, as the public is not a fool.

Lastly, sir, as regards the close relations between bookseller and author which "A Publisher" seems to look upon as a conspiracy, I would suggest that the publishers I know seem able to take care of themselves, that large houses and motor-cars are commoner among them than in the class to which I belong. I have a strong liking for certain publishers, and there are publishers who like authors; only I do not want their affection to take the form of that of the Wolf when he said: "I like Lamb."

I remain, dear sir,

Faithfully yours,

3, Pembridge Crescent, W.

W. L. GEORGE.

["A Publisher" writes: I am sorry Mr. George thinks my comments "somewhat offensive," but apparently any one who does not regard Mr. George as Sir Oracle is

bound to be "somewhat offensive." Personally, I think Mr. George is "somewhat offensive" in his reference to the large houses and motor-cars of publishers. Why should the men who risk their capital in publishing books, which are always a speculative enterprise, not have their large houses and motor-cars if they can afford them? They do not make them out of publishing as a rule. Many publishers known to me are very glad to see profits on a year's business equal to the amount Mr. George would expect from the writing of a single novel. These innuendoes are a trifle absurd as well as somewhat offensive.]

#### A SUCCESSFUL APPEAL.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I venture to tell you that I am very much obliged to you for inserting my appeal for orders for Alpine and herbaceous plants to raise funds for comforts for the wounded.

I have so far received £100 in orders, and am still busy looking orders. I can still send excellent selections from 5s. to £5 and upwards to any lady or gentleman who will write to me and state what sum they wish to spend and let me know their full address and nearest station.

I think it may interest your readers to know that from the sale of my book, "Lady Ann's Fairy Tales," I have been able to send £100 to endow a bed at the Order's Own Hospital at the front by the desire of Lady Perrott and Adeline Duchess of Bedford, and that this bed is to be known as "Lady Ann's Fairy Tales' Bed, Number One."

There are still unsold copies of the book at £1 1s. 6d. Will the public order them and permit me to endow a second bed? I should be most grateful.

Yours faithfully and very gratefully,

CATHERINE MILNES GASKELL.

The Abbey, Much-Wenlock, Shropshire,

March 1, 1915.

#### GERMANY'S RESOURCES.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—While operating on me the other day, a German barber, "naturalised," of course, who said he had served his time in the Saxon Army, regaled me with the following information:—

Of the young men in Germany called up for military service each year, not one found fit for soldiering is sent back. The 50 per cent. who are sent back are all physically or mentally deficient, and unlikely to be of much value now they are pressed into service.

All the youths under 20 and men above 45, qualified and willing to serve, were drafted into the army long ago, as they volunteered when the war started and their services were accepted. Consequently, the youths and elderly men now called up are all more or less unfit or unwilling.

All the first line troops have not been sent to the front, nor will they be, as at least a quarter of a million will be required to protect the Government, Princes and nobility from a popular uprising. The second and third line troops are not to be trusted for this work.

The Allies could render the people of Hanover, Westphalia, the Rhine Province and Saxony reconciled to Germany's defeat, by guaranteeing that Hanover, Westphalia and the Rhine Province should become States of the Empire and no longer Prussian provinces, and that Prussian Saxony should be restored to the Kingdom of Saxony.—Respectfully yours,

JOSEPH BANISTER.

22, Mill Lane, Hampstead, N.W.

February 16, 1915.

## BOOKS RECEIVED

### WAR BOOKS.

- A Book of British Heroes.* (Grant Richards. 1s. net.)  
*Killed in Action, and Other War Stories.* By Noel Fleming. (Allen and Unwin. 1s. net.)  
*Lord Roberts: The Story of his Life.* By Roy Vickers. (C. Arthur Pearson. 1s. net.)  
*The Despatches of Sir John French.* Vol. I. With Map, and Complete List of Names mentioned in Despatches. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. net.)  
*Warships at a Glance.* Silhouettes. By Fred T. Jane. (Sampson Low. 2s. net.)  
*Lloyd's Who's Who in the Great War.* (Hodder and Stoughton. 6d. net.)  
*The Prussian hath said in his Heart—.* By Cecil Chesterton. (Chapman and Hall. 2s. net.)  
**LITERATURE, POETRY, THE DRAMA, Etc.**  
*The Cost.* By E. Temple Thurston. (Chapman and Hall. 1s. 6d. net.)  
*The Children's Song.* By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan and Co. 1d.)  
*The King of the Jews.* By K. P. (The Grand Duke Constantine). Translated by Victor E. Marsden, M.A. (Cassell and Co. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*Echoes from the Epistles.* By Marcus S. C. Rickards. (J. Baker and Son, Clifton. 2s. net.)  
*Garside's Career.* By Harold Brighouse. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)  
*War Harvest, 1914.* By 'Arthur K. Sabin. (Temple Sheen Press, East Sheen. 6d.)  
*The Song of the Guns.* By Herbert Kaufman. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1s. net.)  
*And They went to the War.* By J. A. Nicklin. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 6d.)  
*Sonnets of the Banner and the Star.* By Arthur Lynch. (Elkin Mathews. 4s. 6d. net.)  
*Among the Boreens.* By Agnes Haurahan. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)  
*Fighting Lines.* By Harold Begbie. (Constable and Co. 1s. net.)  
*Freedom: Poems.* By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. (Smith, Elder and Co. 5s. net.)  
*Sonnets.* By Edward Urwick. (Minerva Publishing Co. 1s.)  
*Sword Blades and Poppy Seed.* By Amy Lowell. (Macmillan and Co. 5s. 6d. net.)  
*New Poems.* By Arthur K. Sabin. (Temple Sheen Press. 4s. net.)  
*Half-Hours.* By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)  
*From the Lowest Slopes.* By Clara I. Martin. (Arthur L. Humphreys. 2s. 6d.)  
*The Convolvulus.* By Allen Norton. A Comedy. (Claire Marie, New York. \$1.25.)  
*The Country of the Young.* By Maude Goldring. (Elkin Mathews. 2s. 6d. net.)  
*A Metrical Version of Lord Lytton's "Lady of Lyons."* By Lawrence J. Chamberlain. Illustrated. (Heath, Cranton and Ouseley. 1s. 6d. net.)  
*The Book of Restoration Verse.* Edited by W. S. Braithwaite. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)  
*The Book of Georgian Verse.* Edited by W. S. Braithwaite. (Duckworth and Co. 6s. net.)  
*Pagan Poems.* By Franklin Henry Giddings. (Macmillan and Co. 4s. 6d. net.)  
*The Silent Heavens: A Divine Comedy.* By Osbert Burdett. (A. C. Fifield. 1s. net.)  
*Watching the War.* Parts I and II. (H. R. Allenson. 6d. net each.)

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T. FISHER UNWIN, 1, Adelphi Terrace, London.

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